

9.

P A R A L L E L

B E T W I X T

P O P E R Y and P H A N A T I C I S M,

I N A

L E T T E R to T. S.

S I R,

I'M inform'd, your Royal Jurat
In 'lection was to be your Curate:
I'm likewise told y'are disappointed,
By Mandate from the *Lord's Anointed*.
Your Congregation sure is Righteous
That's worth the care of *Charles* and *Titus*.
Titus and *Charles* had had more fitness,
For *Charles* is second with a Witness.

But since he fail'd, let fancy help it,
And we'll suppose him in your Pulpit,
Which would have look'd, when he was got in't,
Like an *Oat-Meal Tub*, with a *PLOT* in't:
(To say who made the *Plot*, would rub,
But sure some *Copper* made the *Tub*)
There might you hear him talk at once Sir,
Geneva, *London*, *Rome*, and *Munster*;
For all Religions in the Town
Are cloak'd in his *Camelion Gown*.
For as the Ancients us'd to scan
Nine Taylors to one single Man;
And others learnedly have writ,
That thrice *three Spinsters* make one *Wit*:
So he, though h' left them all in lurches,
Is Product of as many Churches.
Tho some affirm, when there's but Nine,
That neither's due to this Divine:
However, he's esteem'd by some
The mighty Bulwark against *Rome*;
Yet others say with cause enough,
His Girdle only's *Cannon-Proof*:
Yet that's Defence enough for us,
For he's all over *Blunderbuss*.

But Sir, since *Arbitrary Power*
Hath uselefs made your Glafs of hour,
And laid *Embargo* upon O——
By luck we have retriev'd his Notes;
Which since he was deny'd to preach,
Took pet, and dwindled to a speech.

"Behold the double Saviour of your Nation,
"Who daily preach and swear for your Salvation!
"Behold the wicked Priest, and Jesuit-taker!
"Behold the King's most excellent Oath-maker,
"Who now comes down out of his endless Bounty,
"To raise new *Viceregerents* for your County!
"I have try'd all Religions once, some twice,
"Div'd like an *Indian* for the Pearl of Price;
"Walk'd like a Glow-worm by my *Light within*,
"Have learnt to eat my God, and stab my King:
"Only I never lov'd the *Quakers* bauling,
"For fear indeed they should have spoil'd my Calling.
"I wish my stay at *Omers* had been shorter,
"For they e'ne us'd me like a very Porter,
"To drink, and carry Letters; yet their steering
"Mended my hand a little in my swearing.
"At length in *England's Church* I cast my Anchor,
"And there discover'd all the *Jesuits* Rancor,
"Ript up the *Plot*, prevented the King's fall,
"Sav'd the ingrateful *Lawn-sleeves* (Rascals all);

"Strung up some dozen of *Ignatius Race*,
"Sent *Stafford* to his own uncertain place:
"And when as one man they departed hence
"With all the Oaths and Vows of *Innocence*,
"I shew'd the World their Mental Reservations,
"The Juggles of their Oaths and Protestations:
"In short, I pent men's Faith to that degree,
"They hardly would believe or them or me.
"That Church hath bin so train'd with sense and reason,
"They hate implicate Faith as bad as Treason:
"Not that they doubt the *Plot* (for all their jeering,)
"But 'tis for better Reasons than my swearing.
"This mads my Soul; and I shall find a time
"To make them fall, unless they help me climb:
"With *Oxford* too I'm at no less defiance,
"Who dirtily refus'd me her Alliance,
"Till I could prove that Swearing was a Science;
"Whereas the very posture of the Actor
"Shews 'tis no Science, but a Manufacture.
"There's ne're a Gown-man but my self, I tell ye,
"Without a Legion of Popes in's Belly:
"Nay, in your godly Country 're some Betrayers,
"For there I'd like t' have been trapan'd to Prayers,
"As if I'd nought to do but sing or say;
"Twas but upon last *Communion* day,
"The silly Rat had baited Hooks with Hooks,
"Thinking to decoy me into Pray'rs with Books.
"Besides, amongst all People but the Blades,
"Swearing and Cursing are two several Trades.
"But such an Insect in Divinity
"Cannot deserve an angry Thought from me,
"Who dare to grapple the whole Hierarchy.
"Mind they their Trade, and canvas *Paul* and *Luke*,
"I am above their Censure and Rebuke,
"Nor do I fear their friend your Loyal Duke.
"One single godly Speech of mine def'd
"Your Princes Favourite, and your Country's Pride.
"When I came ratling with a Coach and six,
"King *Coel's* supream Burgessess to fix,
"I stum'd the *Mobile*, and chang'd their Choices,
"And stalking with their Ears obtain'd their Voices:
"By which he sees (if Heav'n do not forbid)
"That I can undo all his Father did.

But after all my most industrious searches,
Sir Francis Draking, as it were the Churches,
I find my subtle Masters told me true,
They have no toppers of a *Plot* like you.
At that, enrag'd, up starts a Loyal Youth,
Quoth he, *Sans swearing*, thou hast once spoke truth:
Th' Religion (if thou hast it) is profound,
And thou art turn'd from *Rome* exactly round;
Rome and *Geneva* are a sort of Twins,
Sworn Sisters, and sworn Enemies to Kings:
And for all you look so *Protestantly* big,
You're still a *Papist* Masquerade in *Whig*.
Phanaticism is *Popery* improv'd.
Their bold *Ignatius* strikes to your *Buchanan*,
Their *Irish* to your *English Fasty* and *One*;
Their *Plots* are bubbles to your late Intrigue,
Your Cov'nant hath out-kill'd their holy League.
A strange harmonious Discord there appears,
Betwixt your darling *Shibboleth*, and theirs;

Touch but their Strings, and all your *Octaves* shake,
And tho some ceremonious Jars you make,
The *Tybur* disembogues into your *Lake*.
So two false Gamesters quarrel when they meet
A true, to blind and reinforce the Cheat.
Ye both agree your Monarch to betray,
Depose and Murder, tho a different way:
Both level your Church-Censures at the Crown,
Ye both pursue the King; but this I'll own,
They pitch your Game, you fairly hunt it down.
So have I seen a Royal Stag e'while
Fall by your Hounds that hath escap'd their toyl;
Nor must your Subjects fairer Quarter hope,
Or from your single or the cluster'd Pope;
They must be Slaves to which soe'er prevails,
And either roast, or stink to death in Gaols.
No Age nor Sex but must his Censures share;
They dart *Anathemas*, yet more severe,
From their accumulative Porphyry Chair:
He, modest Man, but censures for your Faults;
They damn for Cloths and Gestures, yea even Thoughts;
And all the Choice ye have, unless ye turn,
Must be a Halter to avoid an Urn,
As if 'twere better to hang than burn.
Not only th' *Ague*, but all other Ills
Are cur'd by th' *Jesuit's* Powder, and your Pills,
By which ye purg'd the Church, and scour'd the Nation,
In order to a thorough Reformation.
Ye both assert with Apostolic Buff,
Convince with Back sword, and with Pistol-proof,
And ominous Sulphur make your Reasons tough:
Their Faith in *Absolution* makes them sin,
Yours in *Election* hath as fruitful been.
For where's the difference, bating the Priests Fee,
That God forgives, or that he will not see;
Not that your Friends will Damn for six Pence less,
Ye spend in Capons what ye save in Cash:
Your Basons, Tankards, Caudle-Cups, and Spoons,
Turn to as good account as *Duckatoons*.
The service of their Church, and of your Cause,
Blanches the breach of all the sacred Laws:
Ye deal with Oaths as *Potters* with their Clay,
Ye take them by the lump, and then essay
To mould them for your turn; if that wo'nt do,
Ye break 'm strait, and fall to work with new.
The only two that ever seem'd to sham ye,
Were theirs of *Secrecy*, and your Solemn *Dam-me*;
Ye abhor Repentance both, even when ye dye,
And your last Breath is spent in Perjury:
For who with more Astonishment can look
On their St. *Coleman*, than on your St. *Cook*?
The Saints are much alike for all their din,
For theirs forswear the Pact, and yours the Sin.
Ye're like a bad half Crown with one fair side,
Whose loyal Stamp doth the base Metal hide,
Th' other will own the Brads, and justifie 't,
But by your edges ye may both be try'd.
Hence *Tories* say, whether you rule the Isle,
Or th' *Jesuits*, is only Cross and Pile;
But *CHARLES* they say hath bin too wisely bred,
To venture them with's Cross, or you with's Head.